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Miscellany.

'Twas Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town. BY ROBERT BURNS.

'Twas within a mile of Edinbore' Town. In the rosy time of the year, Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass was down, And each shenherd woo'd his deal Bonny Jockey, blithe and gay, Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay, The lassic blush'd and frowning cry'd, " No it wil not I cannot, wonnot, wonnot, buckle to.

Jookey was a wag that never would wed, Though long he had followed the lass ; Contented she carn'd and eather brown bread, And merrily turn'd up the grass Bonny Jockey, blithe and free, n her beart right morrily,

I cannot, wonnot, wonnot, buckle to."

But when he wow'd he would make her his bride, The' his flocks and his herds were not few. She gave him her hand and a kiss beside, Bonny Jockey, blithe and free, Won her heart right merrily. I cannot, wennot, wonnot, buckle to."

Comet Poetry.

A smart little boy in Albany is the autho

The moon was sitting in a cloud, Full fledged in golden light, A hatching out the little stars, The chickens of the night But out of all that brilliant brood

Produced by Luna pale; There was but one poor little chick That could produce a tail.

MR. GILFIL'S LOVE STORY. Complete in Eight Numbers --- No. 5.

CHAPETR V. The inexorable ticking of the clock is like the throb of pain, to sensations made keen by a sickening fear. And so it is with the great give way to the brown waving grasses, tinged with the warm red sorrel; the waving grasses are swept away, and the meadows lie like it, and it soon stands in sheaves; then, presently, the patches of yellow stubble lie side by side with streak of dark red earth, which the plough is turning up in preparation for the new-thrashmelody, measures for many a human heart the approach of foreseen anguish, seems hurrying on the moment when the shadow of dread will be followed up by the reality of despair.

How cruelly hasty that summer of 1788 seemed to Caterina! Surely the roses vanished earlier. and the berries on the mountain-ash were more impatient to redden, and bring on the autumn. when she would be face to face with her misery. and witness Anthony giving all his gentle tones, tender words, and soft looks, to another.

Before the end of July, Captain Wybrow had written word that Lady Assher and her daughter were about to fly from the heat and gaiety of Bath to the shady quiet of their place at Far-Wybrow was an accepted lover, and after much complimentary and congratulatory correspondter would pay a visit to Cheverel Manor, when rina, how do you do? You look quite bloom-Beatrice would make the acquaintance of her future relatives, and all needful arrangements the ladies in their journey.

In the interval, every one at Cheverel Manor in giving orders to every one else, especially in Gilfil had the responsibility of procuring a lady's horse, Miss Assher being a great rider; Lady Cheverel had unwonted calls to make and ordinary could be done in the garden, except a little extraordinary scolding of the under-garden-

er, and this addition Mr. Bates did not neglect. fill up the long dreary daytime: it was to finish confidence; her dark brown hair, untouched by a chair cushion which would complete the set power, hanging in bushy curls round her face, lity of embroidered covers for the drawing-room, and falling behind in long thick ringlets nearly Lady Cheverel's year-long work, and the only to her waist. The brilliant carmine tint of her note-worthy bif of furniture in the Manor. Over well-rounded cheeks, and the finely-cut outline this embroidery she sat with cold lips and a of her straight nose, produced an impression of palpitating heart, thankful that this miserable splendid heauty, in spite of commonplace brown counteract the tendency to tears which returned was in mourning, and the dead black of her ened when Sir Christopher approached her. ments, gave the fullest effect to her complexion, flushed with the power of his will, and now his the folly of her former dream. latest plan was succeeding, and Cheverel Manor "We are enchanted with your place. Sir he might even yet live to see a fine young fellow kind of pompousness, which she seemed to be one is still young at sixty.

ful to say to Caterina.

russet, though you are a singing bird." Or was so very hospitable, was Sir John." perhaps, "It is your turn to be courted next. "I think the view of the house from the part airs. I must have Maynard let off easily."

her to summon up a smile as he stroked her cheek and looked at her kindly, but that was the moment at which she felt it most difficult not to burst out erving, Lady Cheverel's conversation and presence were less trying; for her ladyship felt no more than calm satisfaction in this family event; and besides, she was further sobered by a little jealousy at Sir Christopher's anticipation of pleasure in seeing Lady Assfer, enshrined in his memory as a mildeved beauty of sixteen, with whom he had exchanged locks before he went on his first travels. Lady Cheverel would have died rather than confess it, but she couldn't help hoping that he would be disappointed in Lady Assher, and

Mr. Gilfil watched Catering through these days with mixed feelings. Her suffering went to his heart; but, even for her sake, he was glad that a love which could never come to good should be no longer fed by false hopes; and how could be help saying to himself, " Perbaps, after a while, Cuterina will be tired of fretting about that cold-hearted puppy, and then . . .

At length the much-expected day arrived, and the brightest of September suns was lighting up the yellow lime-trees, as about five o'clock Lady Assher's carriage drove under the portico. Caterina, seated at work in her own room, heard the rolling of the wheels, followed presently by the opening and shutting of doors, and the sound of voices in the corridors. Remembering that the dinner-hour was six, and that Lady Cheverel had desired her to be in the drawing-room early, she started up to dress, and was delighted to find herself feeling suddenly brave and strong. Curiosity to see Miss Assher-the thought that Anthony was in the house-the wish not to look unattractive, were feelings that brought some colour to her lips, and made it easy to attend to her toilette. They would ask her to sing this evening, and she would clock-work of nature. Daisies and buttercups sing well. Miss Assher should not think her utterly insignificant. So she put on her grey silk gown and her cherry-coloured ribbon with as much care as if she had been herself the emeraldaset in the bushy hedgerows; the tawnythe full ear; the reapers are bending amongst Lady Cheverel to give her, because Tina's little ears were so pretty.

Quick as she had been, she found Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel in the drawing room, ed seed. And this passage from beauty to chatting with Mr. Gilfil, and telling him how beauty, which to the happy is like the flow of a handsome Miss Assher was, but how entirely father only.

"Aha!" said Sir Christopher, as he turned to look at Caterina, "what do you think of this, Maynard? Did you ever see Tina look so pretty before? Why, that little grey gown has been made out of a bit of my lady's hasn't it? It dosen't take anything much larger than a pocket-handkerchief to dress the little mon

Lady Cheverel, too, serenely radiant in the assurance a single glance had given her of Lady Assher's inferiority, smiled approval, and Caterina was in one of those moods of self-possession and indifference which come as the ebb-tide leigh, and that he was invited to join the party between the struggles of passion. She retired to there. His letters implied that he was on an the piano, and busied herself with arranging excellent footing with both the ladies, and gave her music, not at all insensible to the pleasure of no hint of a rival; so that Sir Christopher was being looked at with admiration the while, and more than usually bright and cheerful after thinking that, the next time the door opened, reading them. At length, towards the close of Captain Wybrow would enter, and she would August, came the announcement that Captain speak to him quite cheerfully. But when she heard him come in, and the scent of roses floated towards her, her heart gave one great leap. between the two families, it was understood She knew nothing till he was pressing her hand that in September Lady Assher and her daugh-

She felt her cheeks reddening with anger that could be discussed. Captain Wybrow would be could speak and look with such perfect nonremain at Farleigh till then, and accompany chalance. Ah! he was too deeply in love with some one else to remember anything he had felt for her. But the next moment she was had something to do by way of preparing for the visitors. Sir Christopher was occupied in consultations with his steward and lawyer, and stretched into a long interval the few moments that elapsed before the door opened again, and spurring on Francerco to finish the saloon. Mr. her own attention, as well as that of all the rest, was absorbed by the entrance of the two

The daughter was the more striking from the invitations to deliver. Mr. Bates's torf, and contrast she presented to her mother, a roundgravel, and flower-beds were always at such a shouldered, middle-sized woman, who had once point of neatness and finish that nothing extra- had the transient pink-and-white beauty of a blonde, with ill-defined features and early embonpoint. Miss Assher was tall, and gracefully though substantially formed, carrying herself Happily for Caterina, she too had her task to with an air of mingled graciousness and selfsensation throughout the daytime seemed to eyes, a narrow forehead, and thin lips. She with night and solitude. She was most fright. crape dress, relieved here and there by jet orna-The baronet's eye was brighter and his step and to the rounded whiteness of her arms, bare more elastic than ever, and it seemed to him from the clbow. The first coup d'ail was dazthat only the most leaden or churlish souls zling, and as she stood looking down with a could be otherwise than brisk and exulting in a gracious smile on Caterina, whom Ludy Cheverworld where everything went so well. Dear old el was presenting to her, the poor little thing gentleman! he had gone through life a little seemed to herself to feel, for the first time, all

would be inherited by a grand-nephew, whom Christopher," said Lady Assher, with a feeble with at least the down on his chin. Why not? copying from some one else; "I'm sure your nephew must have thought Farleigh wretchedly Sir Christopher had always something play- out of order. Poor Sir John was so very careless about keeping up the house and grounds " Now, little monkey, you must be in your I often talked to him about it, but be said, best voice; you're the minstrel of the Manor. 'Pooh, pooh! as long as my friends find a good you know, and be sure you have a pretty gown dinner and a good bottle of wine, they won't and a new ribbon. You must not be dressed in care about my ceilings being rather smoky. He

ina. But don't you learn any naughty proud just after we passed the bridge, particularly fine," said Miss Assher, interposing rather

Caterina's affection for the old baronet helped leagerly, as if she feared her mother might be feeling herself superseded there, came and making infelicitous speeches, " and the pleasure placed herself beside Caterina.

of the first glimpse was all the greater because "I hear you are the most beautiful singer, Anthony would describe nothing to us before-hand. He would not spoil our first impressions by raising false ideas. I long to go over the with Sir John when we were first married, and house, Sir Christopher, and learn the history of we went te Venice, where they go about in gon-all your architectural designs, which Anthony dolas, you know. You don't wear powder, I says have cost you so much time and study."

beautiful mare for you, and you can scour keep her after that, could we? " rather ashamed of having called her so charm-

orses, any more than in other matters."

piece contenting himself with responding from Cheverel particular? nder his indolent eyelids to the glances Miss "Rather. But Mrs. Sharp has been Asslier was constantly directing towards him as maid for twenty years."

jelly just opposite Captain Wybrow, and being me to take camomile tea?" Miss Assher, who coloured, and said, in rather rina. "I've always been pale and thin." a sharper key than usual, "Have you not Lady Assher was sure camomile tea would

perceptions were not acute enough for him to ing on like a leaky shower-bath, until the enrnotice the difference of a semitone. "I should ly entrance of the gentlemen created a diverhave thought you were fond of it. There was sion, and she fastened on Sir Christopher, who always some on the table at Farleigh, I think." probably began to think that, for poetical purmy likes and dislikes."

ply, in silvery tones.

John; and so they kept the men six years in from the thing that pains it. spite of his bad pastry. Lady Cheverel and By and by every one felt the need of relief naster's arm, and was taking a survey of the ceptable proposition. dishes, after snuffing at the contents of the bar- "Come, Tina, are we to have

again, Lady Assher was soon deep in a state- ing himself, and turning to Lady Assher.

because it's the law, you know; but that need and had no sooner began to sing than she perhinder no one from putting linen underneath. I ceived with delight that Captain Wybrow always used to say, 'If Sir John died to-mor- gliding towards the harpsichord, and soon stand-And let me advise you to do so by Sir Christo- tresh strength to her voice; and when she nopher. You never saw Sir John, Lady Cheverel. ticed that Miss Assher presently followed him. He was a large, tall man, with a nose just like with that air of ostentatious admiration which Beatrice, and so very particular about his belongs to the absence of real enjoyment, her

proud, though you might expect it of me," ended. "This is rather different from Miss

fully. I hope we shall hear you this evening."

"I envy you such a charming talent. Do will let me call you Catrina!" you know, I have no ear; I cannot hum the smallest tune, and I delight in music so. Is it when they call me fina. not unfortunate? But I shall have quite a "Come, come, more singing, more singing, you will give us some music every day."

" I should have thought you wouldn't care half enough yet." about music il you had no car," said Caterina, Catrina was ready enough to obey, for while

lo you like best ? "

" No; I never ride. I think I should be very and Lady Cheverel sat down to whist with

ful, because he is so nervous about me."

nature, and to talk about Anthony."

Miss Assher was thinking at the same time.

Assher walking to the opposite sofa. was soon of something, and at length slipped out of the in conversation with Lady Cheverel about tapes-try and embroidery in general, while her mother Out

see. No more will Beatrice : though many peo-" Take care how you set an old man talking ple think her curls would look all the better for

about the past, my dear," said the baronet; "I powder. She has so much bair, hasn't she? hope we shall find something pleasanter for you Our last maid dressed it much better than this; to do than turning over my old plans and but, do you know, she wore Beatrice's stockings pictures. Our friend Mr. Gilfil here has found before they went to the wash, and we couldn't the country to your heart's content. Anthony | Caterina, accepting the question as a mere bit

has sent us word what a horsewoman you are." of rhetorical effect, thought it superfluous to Miss Assher turned to Mr. Gilfil with her reply, till Lady Assher repeated, "Could we, nost beaming smile, and expressed her thanks now?" as if Tina's sanction were essential to with the alaborate graciousness of a person who her repose of mind. After a faint "No," she ceans to be thought charming and is sure of went on

" Maids are so very troublesome, and Beat-" Pray do not thank me," said Mr. Gilfil, rice is so very particular, you can't imagine. I till you have tried the mare she has been ridden often say to her. ' My dear, you can't have by Lady Sara Linter for the last two years ; but perfection.' That very gown she has on-to be ne lady's taste may not be like another's in sure, it fits her beautifully now-but it has been unmade and made up again twice. But she is While this conversation was passing, Cap-like poor Sir John-he was so very particular ain Wybrow was leaning against the mantle- about his own things, was Sir John. Is Lady

she spoke. "She is very much in love with "I wish there was any chance of our keep him," thought Caterina. But she was relieved ing Griffin twenty years. But I am afraid we that Anthony remained passive in his atten- shall have to part with her because her health ions. The thought, too, that he was looking is so delicate : and she is so obstinate, she will paler and more languid than usual. "If he not take bitters as I want her. You look delilidn't love her very much-if he sometimes cate now. Let me recommend you to take thought of the past with regret, I think I could camomile tea in the morning, fasting. Beatrice bear it all, and be glad to see Sir Christopher is so strong and healthy she never takes any medicine : but if I had had twenty girls, and During dinner there was a little incident they had been delicate, I should have given them which confirmed these thoughts. When the all camomile tea. It strengthens the constitusweets were on the table, there was a mould of tion beyond anything. Now will you promise

nclined to take some himself, he first invited "Thank you, I'm not at all ill." said Cate-

learned by this time that I never take jelly?" make all the difference in the world-Caterina "Don't you?" said Captain Wybrow, whose must see if it wouldn't-and then went dribbl-"You don't seem to take much interest in poses, it would be better not to meet one's first love again, after a lapse of forty years.

Caterina from the awkwardness of sitting aloof This little episode was unnoticed by every one and dumb, by telling her how a triend of his with polite attention to Lady Assher's history morning, not at all appearing to heed that she of her last man-cook, who was first rate at hardly listened, and was looking towards the gravies, and for that reason pleased Sir John other side of the room. One of the tortures of

round, who had pushed his great head under his most of all-and it was he who made the ac-

night, before we sit down to cards? Your lady-When the ladies were in the drawing-room ship plays cards, I think?" he added recollectment to Lady Cheverel of her views about bury "O, yes! Poor dear Sir John would have a whist-table every night."

"To be sure, you must have a woollen dress, Caterina sat down to the harpsichord at once,

row, I would bury him in his shirt;' and I did, ing in the old place. This consciousness gave closing bravura was none the worse for being Miss Assher, meanwhile, had seated herself animated by a little triumphant contempt. by Caterina, and with that smiling affability ... Why, you are in better voice than ever,

which seems to say, "I am really not at all Catrina," said Captain Wybrow, when she had "Anthony tells me you sing so very beauti- of at Farleigh, is it not, Beatrice?" Hibbert's small piping that we used to be glad

"O yes," said Caterina, quietly, without ture, Miss Sarti-Caterina-may I not call you smiling; "I always sing when I am wanted to Caterina? for I have heard Anthony speak of you so often. I seem to know you quite well. You

"Oh, yes, every body calls me Catrina, only

treat while I am here; Captain Wybrow says little monkey," Sir Christopher called out from the other side of the room. "We have not had

becoming epigramatic by force of grave simplic- she was singing she was queen of the room, and Miss Assher was reduced to grimacing admira-O. I assure you, I don't on it; and Antho tion. Alas! you see what jealousy was doing ny is so fond of it; it would be so delightful if in this poor young soul. Catrina, who had I could play and sing to him; though he says passed her life as a little unobtrusive singing he likes me best not to sing, because it doesn't bird, nestling so fondly under the wings that belong to his idea of me. What style of music were outstretched for her, her heart beating only to the peaceful rhythm of love, or fluttering "I don't know. I like all beautiful music." with some easily-stifled fear, had begun to know " And are you as fond of riding as of mu- the fierce palpitations of triumph and hatred.

When the singing was over, Sir Christopher

Lady Assher and Mr. Gilfil, and Caterina place O no! indeed you would not, after a little ed herself at the baronet's elbow, as if to watch practice. I have never been in the least timid. the game that she might not appear to thrust think Anthony is more afraid for me than I herself on the pair of lovers. At first she was am for myself; and since I have been riding glowing with her little triumph, and felt the with him, I have been obliged to be more carestrength of pride; but her eye would steal to the opposite side of the fireplace where Captain Caterina made no reply; but she saul to her- Wybrow had seated himself close to Miss Asself, "I wish she would go away, and not talk sher, and was leaning with his arm over the to me. She only wants me to admire her good- back of her chair, in the most lover like position Caterina began to feel a choking sensation. She could see, almost without look-This Miss Sarti seems a stupid little thing, ing, that he was taking up her arm to examine Those musical people often are. But she is her bracelet; their heads were bending close prettyer than I expected; Anthony said she together, her curls touching his cheek-now he was putting his lips to her hand. Caterina felt Happily Lady Assher called her daughter's her cheeks burn-she could sit no longer. She attention to the embroidered cushions, and Miss got up, pretended to be gliding about in search

lalong the passages and up the stairs to her own land when she knelt down to say her short pray-

"O, I cannot bear it, I The poor thing burst out aloud, clasping her help me to bear it! little fingers, and pressing them back against her forehead, as if she wanted to break them.

and I must see it.'

clutch. There was a muslin kerchief lying on ailing, sent her to bed, where she soon sank inthe table; she took it up and tore it into shreds to a deep sleep. Body and mind must renew as she walked up and down and then pressed it their force to suffer as well as to enjoy. into hard balls in her hand.

for the sake of looking into my eyes."

"Oh, it is cruel ! " she burst out again aloud,

She did not know how long she had been hand when thinking Lady Cheverel might perhaps dy Cheverel, noticing Miss Assher's look of exend some one to enquire after her, she rose, pectation. and began hastily to undress, that there might "I think not, if you'll excuse me," he said, loose gown about her, before there was a knock cold rooms and draughts. Tina, my lady wants to know if you're ill."

and tuck you up warm."

"O no, thank you : I shall really be in bed very soon. Good-night, dear Sharpy; don't long time?" cold; I will be good, and get into bed.' Caterina kissed her old friend coaxingly, but to her; the tone was so different from the old

Mrs. Sharp was not to be " come over" in that one, the words were so cold and unmeaning .way, and insisted on seeing her former charge She answered with a little bitterness .in bed, taking away the candle which the poor "I think you needn't ask. It doesn't make child had wanted to keep as a companion.

But it was impossible to lie there long with that beating heart; and the little white figure to me after my long absence very sense of chill and uncomfort. It was light say kind things."

he was so particular about his gravies, was Sir jealousy is, that it can never turn away its eyes its tenderness and repose by the hard driving said, "I hoped you would think all the better Mr. Gilfil were smiling at Rupert the blood. from chit-chat-Sir Christopher perhaps the shivering grass makes her quake with sympa- would see that it is the best thing for every one thetic cold; and the willows by the pool, bent -the best for your happiness too." low and white under that invisible harshness, "Oh, pray don't make love to Miss Assher seem agitated and helpless like herself. But for the sake of my happiness," answered Tina. she loves the scene the better for its sadness; At this moment the door opened, and Miss unfeeling happiness of lovers, flaunting in the on the harpsichord. She gave a sharp glance

was so thankful she could cry for the mad pas. window," left the room again immediately. never be able to contain herself.

her-so happy about Anthony's marriage; and I shall always be your friend."

all the while she had these wicked feelings. God have pity upon me!"

dept from mere exhaustion.

ing on her calm inexorible way, in unmoved him, and rushed out of the room. and terrible beauty. The stars were rushing in their eternal courses; the tides swelled to the A Bany among the Sharks .- While the found the nest torn and empty.

seemed unreal and dream-like, in spite of weary limbs and aching eyes. She got up and began to dress with a strange feeling of insensibility, as if nothing could make her cry again; and she even felt a sort of longing to be down stairs in the midst of company, that she might get rid of this benumbed condition by contact.

ashamed of our sins and follies, as we look out passengers.—Norfolk Day Book. on the blessed morning sunlight, which comes to us like a bright-winged angel beckoning us to quit the old path of vanity that stretches its America, it takes three to make a pair-he. dreary length behind us; and Tina, little as she, and a hired girl. Had Adam been a knew about doctrines and theories, seemed to modern, there would have been a hired girl in herself to have been both foolish and wicked Paradise to look after little Abel and "raise Outside she took a candle, and, hurrying vesterday. To day she would try to be good : Cain."

er-the very form she had learned by heart when she was ten years old-she added, "Oh, God,

That day the prayer seemed to be answered, for after some remarks on her pale looks at Then she walked hurriedly up and down the breakfast, Catrina passed the morning quietly, Miss Assher and Captain Wybrow being out on " And this must go on for days and days, a riding excursion. In the evening there was a dinner-party, and after Catrina had sung a lit-She looked about nervously for something to tle, Lady Cheverel, remembering that she was

On the morrow, however, it was rainy, and "And Anthony," she thought, "he can do everybody must stay indoors; so it was resolved this without caring for what I feel. O. he can that the guests should be taken over the house forget everything; how he used to say he loved by Sir Christopher, to hear the story of the me-how he used to take my hand in his as we architectural alterations, the family portraits, walked-how he used to stand near me evenings and the family relics. All the party, except Mr. Gilfil, were in the drawing room when the proposition was made; and when Miss Assher rose as all those love-moments in the past returned to go, she looked towards Captain Wybrow, exupon her. Then the tears gushed forth, she pecting to see him rise too; but he kept his seat threw herself on her knees by the bed, and near the fire, turning his eyes towards the newspaper which he had been holding unread in his

there, till she was startled by the prayer-bell; "Are you not coming, Anthony?" said La-

be no possibility of her going down again. She rising and opening the door; "I feel a little had hardly unfastened her hair, and thrown a chilled this morning, and I am afraid of the

at the door, and Mrs. Sharp's voice said-" Miss Miss Assher reddened, but said nothing, and passed on, Lady Cheverel accompanying her. Caterina opened the door and said, "Thank | Caterina was seated at wors in the oriel winyou, dear Mrs Sharp I have a bad headache; dow. It was the first time she and Anthony had please tell my lady I felt it come on after sing- been alone together, and she had thought before that he wished to avoid her. But now, surely, he wanted to speak to her-he wanted to say istid o' standing shivering there, fit to catch something kind. Presently he rose from his your death. Come, let me fasten up your hair seat near the fire, and placed himself on the ottoman opposite her.

"Well, Tina, and how have you been all this Both the tone and the words were an offence

much difference with you.'

" Is that the kindest thing you have to say

was soon out of bed again, seeking relief in the "I don't know why you should expect me to "I'm too much possessed by the happy thought that you like me," was the ex officio read Miss Assher, and Mr. Gilfil tried to relieve moon, nearly at full, was riding high in the much to avoid allusions to the past or comment heavens among scattered hurrying clouds. Ca- on the present. And yet he wished to be well tina drew aside the window-curtain; and, sit- with Catrina. He would have liked to caress

except Caterina. Sir Christopher was listening land broken his arm and staked his horse that ting with her forehead pressed against the oold her make her presents, and have her think him dec., dec. Their baskets, too, are superior to pane, looked out on the wide stretch of park very kind to her. But these women are so those made by the earlier Indians. plaguey perverse! There's no bringing them How dreary the moonlight is! robbed of all to look rationally at any thing. At last he wind. The trees are harassed by that tossing of me, Tina, for doing as I have done, instead motion, when they would like to be at rest; the of bearing malice towards me. I hoped you

> there is some pity in it. It is not like that hard Assher entered, to fetch her reticule, which lay at Catrina, whose face was flushed and saving She set her teeth tight against the window, to Captain Wybrow with a slight sneer, "Since frame and the tears fell thick and fast. She you are so chill, I wonder you like to sit in the

> sion she had felt when her eyes were dry, fright- The lover did not appear much discomposed, ened her. If that dreadful feeling were to come but sat quiet a little longer, and then scating on when lady Cheverel was present, she should himself on the music stool, drew it near to Caterina, and, taking her hand, said, "Come, Then there was Sir Christopher-so good to Tina, look kindly at me, and let us be friends.

"Thank you," said Caterina, drawing away "O, I cannot help it, I cannot help it!" she her hand. "You are very generous. But pray

said in a loud whisper between her sobs. "O move away. Miss Assher may come in again." "Miss Assher be hanged!" said Anthony, In this way Tina were out the long hours of feeling the fascination of old habit returning on the windy moonlight, till at last with weary him in this proximity to Caterina. He put his aching limbs, she lay down in bed again, and arm round her waist, and leaned his cheek down produces three crops a year commencing in May, to hers. The lips couldn't help meeting after and hearing until November, but in central While this poor little heart was being bruised that; but the next moment, with heart swellwith a weight to heavy for it, Nature was hold- ing and tears rising, Caterina burst away from

level of the last expectant weed; the sun was passengers of the disabled steamer Quaker City, making brilliant day busy nations on the were being handed up to the side of the bark other side of the swift earth. The stream of Dumbarton, a heavy sea was running, and it of human thought and deed was hurrying and was with the utmost difficulty that the ladies broadening onward. The astronomer was at his could be gotten on board. This was finally telescope; the great ships were labouring over effected, and then an innocent little nursling, the waves; the toiling eagerness of commerce, whose mother had entrusted it to the rough the fierce spirit of revolution, were only ebbing hands of the honest tars, was handed up. The in brief rest; and sleepless statesmen were little thing was too little and tender for their dreading the possible crisis of the morrow. hard palms, and they sung out from the boat to What were our little Tina and her trouble in those above to catch the "little one," and the this mighty torrent, rushing from one awful un- next moment a score of arms were out-stretched, known to another? Lighter than the smallest as it was lifted crowing and kicking towards centre of quivering life in water-drop, hidden the gunwale. Alas! all hands missed it and it and uncared for as the pulse of anguish in the fell back into the sea among the sharks-every breast of the tinest bird that has fluttered down eye was strained, the pulsations of the heart to its nest with the long-sought food, and has were stopped, and for a moment all seemed paralyzed; but this lasted only for an instant. the sturdy arm of one of the gallant boat's crew had grasped the dear little one by the leg. and The next morning, when Catrina was waked as he lifted it aloft a cheer saluted its appearfrom her heavy sleep by Martha bringing in the ance. The mother of the child now went into warm water, the sun was shining, the wind had strong convalsions, and the infant was passed abated, and those hours of suffering in the night into the arms of Mrs. Davidson, and while resting there a beautiful land bird hovered for a moment over its little form, and then, as if to assure itself it lived, perched upon its dress,and hopped and chirped in concert with the crowing of the babe. The bird then jumped to the shoulder of Mrs. Davidson, thence to the shoul. der of Mr. Davidson, who was near, and then, There are few of us that are not rather took a final farewell of the bark and her rescued

It is undeniable, says Prentice, that, in

The Pimo Indians.

TERMS, 181,50 strictly in advance

The Pimo Indians, living on the Gila river in Arizona, are a very interesting tribe. Our government has lately distributed among them supply of farming tools, cotton, goods and rinkets, as a reward for the many favors they have shown to emigrants and the United States troops passing through their country. They are eminently a peaceful tribe, and are in a good ondition to receive the arts of civilized life and instruction in Christianity. The Providence Journal publishes some facts in relation to them obtained from gentlemen of that city who visited the Pimos with the American boundary com-

"Owing to the infrequency of rain, the soil annot be cultivated in any of the northern states of Mexico, Arizona, New Mexico, or portions of Texas, without artificial irrigation : hence, it is only near streams where there can be any agriculture. These Indians, therefore, to render their lands productive, have cut canals and ditches through them; and by constructing a dam across the river, are enabled to conduct the water over them whenever and wherever it is necessary. By this means they produce large crops. They raise chiefly Indian corn, wheat and a very small variety of white beans. Pumpkins, squashes, melons and onions are also cultiated. Their corn and wheat they grind by hand on stones, the women being the chief laborers, and make a good quality of bread. The men labor only in the field, hoe their lands, plant and gather their crops; although when the harvest is ready to be gathered, the women all turn out, and with the men help to bring in eir crops. This is all done by means of a particular kind of frame-work or basket strapped to their shoulders and backs, upon which the corn, wheat and other products are piled, and then carried to their houses. Here the grain is threshed out and stored away in grana-

"The most interesting fact connected with these Indians is their cultivation of cotton, which they spin and weave into blankets and into such materials as they require for garments. Except in the winter, they wear nothing but a blanket folded, or strip of cloth around their loins, which hangs down to their knees. The upper part of their bodies, their legs and arms, are bare; but in the head dresses they make most show. Caps, turbans, feathers and trinkets are here displayed in great profusion, in the arrangement of which they show much taste. The implements used for spinning and weaving make an excellent kind of pottery, which is used for all domestic purposes, carrying and holding water, cooking, dishes for enting from,

"The color of the Pimos is more of a dark brown than the reddish hue of the eastern tribe of Indians. They use little paint on their faces and bodies, and care less for trinkets and useless ornaments than Indians generally. Unlike many of the Pueblo, or semi-civilized tribes of New Mexico, the Pimos have never been Christianized, yet they know of the Christian God, and manifest a strong desire to have the doctrines of Christianity taught them. None of our aborigines are so deserving the attention of chilanthropists as these innocent people. A few mechanics, such as blacksmiths, carpenters, and workers in leather, together with farmers, to instruct them in the trades to which they appertain, would do a vast deal for their advancement and preservation. Missionaries and schoolmasters are equally needed. With the wild omadic tribes, little or nothing can be accomplished towards their civilization, but these agricultural tribes, already acquainted with some of the arts, are just in the condition to receive and be benefitted by our civilization."

THE FIG AT THE SOUTH .- Of all the fruits, cultivated in the south, the fig requires the least eare, and is one of the most productive and useful. South of the latitude of 32 2, the fig tree Georgia we generally gather but two crops a year, unless the season is peculiarly favorable, the first or early crop being often killed by spring frosts. The figs are mostly eaten directly from the tree, as soon as ripe, and may be found in abundance upon the breakfast table of all lovers of fine fruit. The fig tree grows very freely from cuttings planted early in the spring, and will sometimes bear the first year, generally the second. It has ever been a source of surprise to us that the fig is not extensively cultivated, and turned to more profitable account; but this is not the only instance in which the prodigal and generous gifts of Nature are lavishd upon man in vain. We hear of gentlemen ear Mobile, upon the Gulf, who have planted the fig largely, with the intention of using the fruit as Northern farmers use apples-for the purpose of fattening hoge .- Georgia Southern

When we see a very big newspaper, edited by person of no ability, we are always reminded the ejaculation of Swift's capering little dwarf, " Make a ring around me, gentlemen, half a mile in diameter, and just see how I will kick up my heels."

An outside passenger had his hat blown over bridge into the stream from the top of a coach. True to its nature," said a gentleman who was scated beside him, "a beaver naturally takes to the water "

Most readers of newspapers are like the pectators of a juggler's exhibition; they never think they get their money's worth unless they are grossly deceived and cheated.

A short time ago the following notice was stuck up at a Tailor's window, near Manchester :- " Wanted, two apprentices: they will be treated as one of the family."

WANTED .- A rake, by the author of " I've up